



Salt Lake Temple

*Greetings to Mother
Mother's Day, 1933*

Alamosa Branch Sunday School



Mother--Heart of Gold

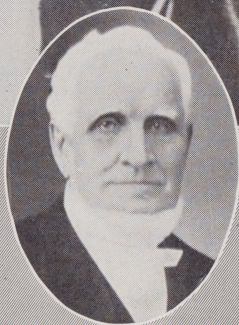
BOOK VII

By THEODORE E. CURTIS

TANGLED HEARTS



When memory, like a fountain, starts,
Let this small gift remind you
Of that love-knot of tangled hearts
Back in the years behind you.



Agnes Taylor Taylor

MOTHER OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR

THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BY COURTESY OF NELLIE T. TAYLOR

CLOSE TO MOTHER



There's just one place I like to be
When danger, in the least degree,
Lurks in my path and threatens me—

I like to be close to mother.

It matters not what folks may say,
To mother, all the live-long day,
We kiddies hold the right-of-way.

I like to be close to mother.

When hunger turns my restless feet
Back home, and our old table neat
Is spread with dainty things to eat,

I like to be close to mother.

At night when all the lights are out,
And ghosts appear and dance about,
And I can hear the goblins shout,

I like to be close to mother.

When some misdeed my thought supplies
And daddy's angry feelings rise,
And I see mischief in his eyes,

I like to be close to mother.

When fever comes with stealthy tread,
And heavy eyed I go to bed,
Too sick to raise my aching head,

I like to be close to mother.

When I am down and turn to meet
The bitter lash of sore defeat,
And I need love and solace sweet,

I like to be close to mother.

But it's the same in rain or shine,
No power can change this heart of mine,
Nor turn the tide of love divine,

I like to be close to mother.

THROUGH THE TWILIGHT



Through the twilight, by the fountain,
Sweetly falls the evening bell,
With an echo from the mountain
Floating over hill and dell;
And it brings a dream of you, dear,
And the scenes we cherished so
Under skies serene and blue, dear,
In the sweet, sweet long ago.

In the moonlight and the shadow,
As of old you linger there,
Like a sweet breath from the meadow
Floating on the evening air.
And I hear your sweet voice calling
Through the somber twilight gray,
Like a strain of music falling,
In an echo far away.

WHERE'S MOTHER?



As I was walking down the way
Some transient voices seemed to say,
And they were near and far away,

“Where’s mother?”

I heard it where the ivy clings,
I heard it where the zephyr sings,
I heard it in a thousand things:

“Where’s mother?”

A mass of matter shooting clear,
Flung headlong from some plunging sphere,
Came screaming through our atmosphere,

“Where’s mother?”

A baby brook came tumbling down,
From yonder mountain’s silver crown,
And cried its query through the town,

“Where’s mother?”

A nest of birds among the trees,
Rocked like a boat on gentle seas,
Cried out to every fitful breeze

“Where’s mother?”

When Mary came from school today
I saw her eyes a moment play
About the room, then heard her say

“Where’s mother?”

There’s Mary, Ann and Jim and Bob,
As soon as life began to throb,
From out their cradle came the sob

“Where’s mother?”

Not we alone, but daddy, too;
From daddy down to baby Lu,
While mother just comes smiling through.

Sweet mother.

We're all alike. It's all the same,
In all the world, and love's to blame,
For love exalts that hallowed name:

Sweet mother.

Like music when the robins call,
Like moonlight in the shadows tall,
Her welcome benedictions fall:

Sweet mother.

THE OASIS



The Mother-Heart is an oasis—a beauty spot
upon the desert of the world.
Here the little birds of peace and love take
refuge;
Here the children love to play and are re-
freshed at its healing waters;
And to this hallowed shrine the pilgrim turns
with lingering memories and is made glad.
There is no spring more pure, no well more
abundant, than the fountain of a true
mother's heart.

IT WAS MY MOTHER



It was my mother who taught me to stand
True to the truth, in the heart of the land;
Taught me to see, like a lily unfurled,
Beauty and good in the commonplace world.

It was my mother who taught me to dream,
Turning my craft up the turbulent stream;
Taught me to live and to love and to sing,
Lifting my heart like a bird on the wing.

It was my mother who taught me to pray,
Bowed at her knee in the dusk of the day;
Taught me to live without tinsel or sham.
God bless you, Mother, for much that I am.

MOTHER



My mother's influence has remained with me throughout my life. In childhood and youth I relied upon her for guidance, comfort and sympathetic understanding. In manhood I have been sustained by the faith and the fortitude that she helped to build into my character.

When I think back across the years and recall the tenderness, patience and devotion of my mother, I am deeply impressed with the greatness of her soul. Mothers are nearly always more wonderful than we believe them to be while they are ministering to us. But when the realities of life are thrust upon us, we look back at our association with mother and the stamp of her influence upon us as a beautiful dream. The achievements of motherhood are not manifest by flighty triumphs; nevertheless, they are the source of eternal greatness.

The greatest thing about mothers is not that they go down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring new life into the world, but that they dedicate their entire lives to the welfare of their children. Mother love, mother guidance and teaching are the greatest civilizing influences in the world. No nation can be greater than the mothers who bear and rear its citizens.

I shall always cherish the heritage of ideals that mother left me. I know that my achievements and my salvation are inextricably bound up with hers. It is a pleasure to acknowledge my obligations and to express my gratitude to her. God bless our mothers!

—Reed Smoot.



Anne Kerstina Morrison Smoot

MOTHER OF REED SMOOT

ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BY COURTESY OF REED SMOOT

AN ARMISTICE



Oh, babe, I didn't mean to scold;

'Twas all a joke; come, let us hold

An Armistice;

Lift up your pretty chubby face

While daddy cleans a little place

To kiss.